

WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

No. 197

With which is incorporated
The International Socialist Review for Australasia.

SYDNEY: JANUARY 31, 1914

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney,
for transmission by post as a Newspaper. PRICE, ONE PENNY.

The Passing Show.

The master loses interest in a workman when he can no longer take interest from him.

The party politician under the present system tries to lift up the worker while standing on him.

Free speech is unimportant to those who desire to remain in slavery. It is vital to those who would be free.

Some people are looking to statesmen, priests, and lawyers to put an end to war but

"War is the statesmen's game, the priest's delight,
The lawyers' jest, the hired assassin's trade."

Shelley.

The worker who has freed himself from mental bondage should aim to free himself from economic bondage.

If Socialism is worth having why not work for it?

Capital is educating the workers with the maxim gun.

A popular belief with young people is that when millions are without food, the politicians pass pure food laws.

Two can live as cheaply as one, but when they marry and make a home, they find that it is attacked by numerous parasites.

"Rand strike—Situation improving—Further arrests."—"S.M. Herald" heading to strike news. The capitalist press believes that the situation is improved by the arrests.

Prominent members of the London Stock Exchange are protesting against any reduction of armaments. They foresee that reduction is the forerunner of disarmament, and, like all social parasites, they are becoming alarmed when a source of their revenues is menaced. The shareholder in the armament trust is a robber, and the stock-jobber, who deals in armament trust shares is another.

Mr. Lloyd George is at present racked with grief over the condition of the agricultural labourer in Britain which he asserts is due to landlordism. He should, however, reserve some of his tears for the clerks in his own department, for a brother M.P. states that he has discovered a nineteen-year-old clerk there who was working for £28 6d a week. Another, aged 24, 17s 3d; one aged 20, 20s; and one aged 16, 17s 3d. While the agricultural labourer suffers from landlordism, these clerks suffer from Lloyd Georgism, which stands for capitalism.

Fifty boys brought out by the New Zealand Government for the hungry cocky have arrived at Auckland.

N.S.W. immigrationists have just imported a first batch of widows for country exploiters. There ought to be some fun on the cow-farms when friends begin to whisper in Mrs. Cocky's ear: "Beware of the vidder, missus!"

A "grave crisis" is reported to have arisen in the British Cabinet over the naval policy. One section is probably holding shares in the armament trust, and the other in industrial concerns. At bottom all political crises are economic, and honest members fight for the profits.

"The appointment of Mr. G. S. Beeby, as chairman of Wages Boards, immediately following his failure to defeat the Labour candidate for Waverley, has given rise to some misdirected censure. The Minister for Labour, against whom the censure was directed, has no responsibility in the matter, the appointment resting with the President of the Arbitration Court."—"The Australian Worker." Of course, a Labour Government can do no wrong. Any wrong done to Labour must be done by some other fellow.



The Cast Offs.

"The more generous and charitable the employer, the more dissatisfied the worker."—Frequent wail of the Tory Press.

Fat: "Well I like your d—d cheek, complaining that I've starved you and my cast-off clothes won't fit you. Why, only for me you wouldn't have any old clothes at all."

When the Federation of Building Trades at Pretoria refused to allow the men to return to work at the bidding of the employer, the Government promptly arrested the acting-secretary. Under the old Boer generals the union leader will soon be as extinct as the Dodo.

The Wollongong Methodists, on January 17, resolved: "That the members of this quarterly meeting most emphatically protest against the life-saving exhibition by the Wollongong Surl and Life-saving Club, which is advertised to take place on the Bulli beach on Sunday, 18th inst., and express the sincere hope that this desecration of the Lord's Day will not be repeated." So to practice life-saving on Sunday is a "desecration of the Lord's Day," which should belong exclusively to the soul-savers with the collection plates.

"The action of the South African Government which prevented the general strike from developing into a revolution and within one week restored peace and security to the Dominion is reported to have cost about £150,000. It seems a big price to pay, but compared with the direct cost to labour itself, not to speak of other expenses in connection with other big strikes, it is a mere bagatelle. In ten organised British industries within the past decade the money lost to the workers totalled over seventeen million pounds." The "Sydney Daily Telegraph." But if they had not shown fight they would probably have lost fifty millions.

Mr. Percy Spence, the well-known artist, knows how to pull the leg of a loyalist. He was summoned to attend the Sydney Quarter Sessions as a jurymen, and begged Judge Docker to excuse him from serving because he was painting a portrait of King George, and his absence from work for a couple of days would mean a serious delay. Judge Docker couldn't stand against this, and promptly granted leave.

The National Council of Women has been holding its annual congress at Hobart. The first day's business had to do with no mere economic side issues or bread and butter questions, but was devoted to a slashing attack on the hussies who dress to attract the men. The president said that the way women went about was a disgrace to humanity. Indecent dressing on the stage passed on to all the walks of life. "Women were vying with one another in costume merely to attract the men." Other speak-

ers spoke of the "shame and disgrace" to the fair sex wearing such tight dresses so as to show off their figure." Miss Bisdée thought that "they were making a mountain out of a mole-hill. Tight dresses were worn previously when ladies had to damp themselves so as to make the dresses cling better." It was felt that "the remedy was with the wives of the governors of the States, who should decline to receive women dressed in offensive styles." The wives of wharfies, coalies, and rockchoppers, who have been accustomed to visit Government House in the latest fashions, had better be up and doing before these Hobart women shut them out of State drawing rooms.

Japan is being vigorously exploited by the agents of armament manufacturers, and a few days ago an agent of Siemens and Schukert, electrical engineers, was sentenced to two years' jail for stealing confidential documents relating to Japanese Navy orders. The agent offered to sell the stolen documents for £2500, but was found out. A counsel in the case stated that a high Admiralty official had been offered 35 per cent. commission on all orders. A letter showed that 15 per cent. was always allowed for confidential payments.

The Bishop of London says: "If we have made a mess of the world and have starvation wages, it is man's fault." So it is, wealthy parasites such as capitalists and bishops.

Life's contrasts are sometimes as sharp as they are instructive. Last week the press informed us that "quite a number of society folk are going to Kosciuszko for the golf carnival. Meanwhile a number of Socialists are leaving Sydney for Brisbane for a Haminy Carnival at King George's Boggo Road Hotel."

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe," runs an old nursery rhyme, but at Redfern, where not so long ago a woman made her home in a box, a family of seven has been occupying a portion of a stable. The Redfern aldermen were told this at their meeting one night, when the sanitary inspector reported that on investigating a case of diphtheria, the scarcity of houses and the high rents questions were vividly brought under his notice. The parents and a family of five were living in one room under the same roof as a stable, where, on the other side of a single-board partition, nine horses were housed. The overcrowding at night time

was relieved by a bed being fixed up in a buggy-shed. The living room was, in the circumstances, clean and tidy. The occupants, who are late arrivals from Scotland, were afraid, if they were removed, that they would not be able to get a house at a rental within their means. The Mayor said they other cases which had come under his notice were on all fours with this one. Although living under conditions which would not be tolerated by the Health Board, the persons affected beseeched that no action be taken, as their plight would be aggravated rather than improved.

The same paper that chronicles the sad condition of the family in the stable announces that Dr. Wright, Archbishop of Sydney, is spending a holiday at Moss Vale.

General Bramwell Booth received a remarkable welcome by capitalists, business men, stock-jobbers, and aristocrats, last month after his visit to America. Speaking of his impressions, he said: "I was very much struck with the high estimate which is placed upon the Salvation Army in the United States by those in authority." Those in authority are placed there by the capitalists and they know what is good for their masters.

"The Commissioner of Police of an Australian city, recently said, while approving of the Army's open-air meetings, he certainly took exception to blasphemous language being used by agitators at certain other kind of meetings, as was proved by evidence given in certain cases." He added, "If I anticipate that the utterances of these people will provoke a breach of the peace, I am not going to give a permit. Rank blasphemy has been uttered at these gatherings."

It is these sort of people that generally hide behind the Army and the right-of-free speech cry—"The War Cry."

But who are hiding behind Commissioner Cahill and the Army? Who is it that decrees that the Army shall bang the big drum and blame the devil for the evils that curse the world, while those who blame the lazy capitalists and hireling politicians are jailed? The same parties who present the Army with big cheques, with the profits of prison labour, and with large sums to "assist" discharged prisoners, are those who hide behind the Commissioner of Police, the Army, and the cry of blasphemy.

The aristocrat of to-day scorns honest and the blue-blooded look with contempt on peers whose ancestors had soiled their hands with trade or labour. Such ideas date a long way back. Said Cicero: "We admire a rich purple dye, but we despise the dyer as a vile artisan." Plato declared: "Nature has made no shoemaker or smith. Such occupations degrade the people who exercise them." Substituting the word God for nature, the modern says: "God created lords, capitalists and generals, not to degrade themselves with labour, but to enjoy what others produce."

The modern wage-slave is in some ways very like the chattel slave of old. The chattel slave was often a willing slave who firmly believed in the superiority of his master. The modern wage-slave also believes in the superiority of his master and is willing to be commanded or led by him. The chattel slave dreaded losing a good master or being set free, because it meant to him the loss of his home and means of living. The wage-slave also dreads losing a master, for it means to him a weary search for another and the loss of his home and means of subsistence—his wages. Freedom to the chattel slave meant freedom to starve, and freedom to the wage-slave means the same. Many of the southern slaves fought against their deliverers because they dreaded freedom and to-day many wage-slaves are fighting Socialists because they don't want to lose their masters. "The capitalists find us work," they say; "what could we do without the capitalists?" they ask. Most wage-slaves have at some time or other been "sacked" and set free to starve, and they confound the "sack" with freedom from wage-slavery. This is why they fill themselves with beer, and stagger to the nearest Socialist meeting to interrupt and fight for the master-class. They don't know the meaning of freedom nor realise all the happiness it will bring.

The International Socialist

Journal of Revolutionary Socialism and Industrial Unionism.

Owned and controlled by the International Socialists.

Subscription: Australia, 4s per year, 1s per quarter. Postage added to other countries.

O. W. JORGENSEN, Manager.

Office: 115 GOULBURN STREET, SYDNEY.

A Blue Mark through this paragraph indicates that YOUR SUBSCRIPTION WILL EXPIRE WITH NEXT ISSUE.

A Red Mark indicates that your Subscription must be renewed AT ONCE, if you desire the delivery of the paper to continue.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Contributors writing for publication should write in ink, on one side of the paper only, and with a fair space at the sides and between the words and lines. Leave plenty of room for editing.

Write on paper not larger than letter-paper, and thin enough to avoid getting us lined for over-weight.

Mark the package "Press Matter Only," and address it "To the Editor."

Write briefly and clearly, as long and undecipherable articles stand no chance of publication.

Do not send business communications to the Editor, or literary matter to the Manager. To do so only causes confusion and delay.

If your article is not published, do not conclude that it is because it is of no merit, for it may be simply owing to the fact that it is not in accordance with the above rules. Where possible, articles of importance should be type-written.

DIVINE LAW.

And what is the divine law to a man? To hold fast that which is his own and to claim nothing that is another's.—Epictetus.

State Capitalism.

Gripping the Soudan.

Lloyd George shows British Capitalists how to Exploit the Dervishes and Tribesmen.

How the new State capitalism is working may be seen from a request made in the British House of Commons a few weeks ago by Mr. Lloyd George.

A very roscate picture of the cotton-growing capabilities of the Soudan was presented to the House by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was asking that the House should agree to a resolution for guaranteeing the interest on a loan of £3,000,000 to that country.

If Mr. George had been describing the prospectus of a company he could not have displayed more zest or used brighter colours.

Briefly, the proposal is that the British Government shall guarantee the interest at 3½ per cent. on a loan of £3,000,000, which is to be devoted to improving and developing the railways in the Soudan, and to irrigating and growing cotton upon certain large tracts of the country. The experts have assured the government that finer cotton can be grown there than in any other part of the world, and that it is just the sort of cotton which Lancashire capitalists require to increase their profits.

Mr. Lloyd George said that Lord Kitchener was exceedingly sanguine as to the prospects of the scheme, and he then gave remarkable figures showing how rapidly the Soudan was recovering its old population, how the nomads were settling down to industry, and how the revenue had grown from £127,000 in 1890 to £1,424,000 last year, while the exports had increased from £285,000 in 1906 to £1,400,000 in 1911.

This statement sounded romantic and many a member must have smiled at the prospect of unlimited cheap labour and exports representing fabulous amounts of surplus value or profits. They must have laughed in their sleeve also when they remembered how the little attorney had raved in former years when a tory government said it intended to recover "the sands and wastes from barbarism." The Dervishes to Mr. George twenty years ago were a nation "struggling to be free;" now he speaks of them as "murderers and bloodthirsty savages who had devastated the land."

Many reasons were given by the Chancellor why the loan should be guaranteed, but he carefully hid the fact that the British profit-hunter was at the back of the whole scheme. "The railways," he said, "are all State-owned, but the State, he might have said, has to pay interest on the money borrowed to construct them—to the real owners for whom the State manages them. "It would never do," he said, "to allow

private enterprise to acquire even partial control of the Nile water supply, which is so vital to Egypt, but private enterprise will not complain if the State controls the water supply so long as it controls the supply of money and cheap labour.

The guarantee of the Soudan loan is a new dodge of the lending and borrowing capitalists, and Mr. Lloyd George and his government are merely their agents. The Lancashire members of both Liberal and Tory parties gave the proposal their hearty support, and the resolution was agreed to without a division. The capitalist press was unanimous in praise of the scheme for the reason that "it was of vital interest to the staple industry of the Lancashire capitalists to encourage cotton-growing within the Empire, that the scheme promised great things for the Soudan, and that it looked to be a first-class business proposition." It is a first-class business proposition for the capitalists, but for the Soudan and British workers it will probably be as much of a blessing as other British enterprises have proved to the workers of India, South Africa and other places.

GREED, GRAB AND GOLD.

For the first time, I believe in the history of this country, Socialists have faced the foe on the political field, and have failed. That was only to be expected. Methinks they have tarried too long. However, elections, like the poor, we have always with us, there is no telling what may happen. Mr. Wade might die, or go to heaven in a motor car—fiery chariots are out of date. Dummifying Griffiths might die; in fact, the whole lot of them might die, and what a happy release for the people of this long-suffering country. So to Socialists, I say, trim your lamps and be ready, for you know not when the trumpet may sound.

The elections are over, and according to some the people have spoken. Yes; but it was the voice of those crying in the wilderness. The people who voted for the present Labour crowd are between the devil and the deep sea. They could not vote for the Wade gang, and at present they look sideways on Socialists, so I suppose we must excuse them.

The time has come when Socialists, if they really mean business, must pull themselves together, close up their ranks, and stand shoulder to shoulder and cast out all the weeds, shams and humbugs. If Socialists are what they claim to be there should be no room in their camp for these microbes.

Pass them over to the Judas Labour crowd. Anyone who studies the history of this country, may know that for years every principle of truth, honor, justice, and mercy in fact, every human feeling has been subordinate to the three G's—Greed, Grab and Gold. If the poor fools, who, in their mad rush for gold, were to stop to think, they might say to themselves, What is it all for? Why should they trample their fellow creatures into the earth? Why should they use every trick that villainy can invent, to prevent their fellow creatures enjoying this fair earth and the fruits thereof? Do they ever think that "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin?" That to-day they are here, and to-morrow the place that knew them knows them not. If a deadly sickness lays hold of them, will their gold save them? They will pay a doctor to cure them, and someone who wants their gold will pay the doctor to send them to their long account, and then give a certificate of heart failure. Another horrible outcome of the three G's is the number of murdering quacks who are allowed to hang out their shingle, and who are ready (for a consideration) to do any dirty job. These wretches are a thousand times worse than the gun-men of New York, because they have not the courage of the latter; they are sly, secret assassins, and they work for gold. What are the people of this fair land thinking about? Do they take any blame to themselves for allowing the affairs of their country to have reached the very perfection of chaos? It seems to be nobody's business. Australia might be termed "No Man's Land," because nobody seems to have sufficient interest in it to stand forth as a saviour. An ex-policeman named Larkin managed to secure the five hundred a year, which he will receive from the Christian (?) strike-breaking Labour party.

If we had the real Larkin in Sydney, it is just possible that he would go to Macquarie Street, and turn the key on the whole box and dice of bounders, boddlers and boomsters, who are just settling down to the enjoyment, for three years of the—three G's.

DIOGENES.

To be able to discern that what is true, is true, and that what is false is false—that is the mark and character of intelligence.—R. W. Emerson.

Rough work, iconoclasm; but the only way to get at truth.—O. W. Holmes.

Theology is nothing more than a science of words, which by dint of repetition, we accustom ourselves to substitute for things.—D'Holbach.

Bogga Road Bastille.

LIFE IN A CAPITALIST JAIL.

What the Remorse of Prisoners amounts to. How not to do it.

We had broken the "Law," and the "Law" said we must be punished. Accordingly we were taken to that place of punishment known as Brisbane prison.

Being vicious criminals—for it must be known that we had held a public meeting "without permission so to do"—we were handcuffed one to the other, locked in a van and escorted by armed guards.

Arriving at the institution, which a civilised community in its collective wisdom has seen fit to erect for punitive and reformatory purposes, we were duly weighed, measured, questioned, and bathed.

Our clothes and chattels were packed away in a bag, and a pair of white trousers, undershirt, and shirt, with Brisbane prison well stamped on these articles, given to us. Boots, socks, and hat we took possession of later. Fully rigged, our period of reform and punishment commenced in earnest.

Having previously opened our mouth without first obtaining a permit, and been convicted, we were classed along with the more desperate offenders and locked up in the ward known as "Pro." "Pro." is an abbreviation for professional or probationer, we really forget which.

A first offender is allowed to spend the day out in the yard set apart for his class, but second-timers and hard-labor prisoners are compelled to go through a more severe punitive process of separate treatment.

For a month, the regulations stated, we were to be confined to our respective cells, and only allowed one hour's exercise per diem. Every morning the bell would ring at 5.50. At 6 o'clock the warders would unlock our cells. At 6.5 the chief warder would inspect and count us, and then we marched into the yard of our class. Here we washed, after which operation we took our exercise, at least they called it exercise. Round and round that yard we walked at the rate of two miles per hour. No talking was allowed. A more dreary, deadening exercise could scarce be invented. We suppose the purpose of it was to create a reflective mind, so that our minds could dwell upon the dreadful crimes committed in the days of our liberty.

The exercise yard was a triangular one. Down one side ran a high wooden fence. The ward wall formed another side, whilst a dividing wall made up the triangle. Down in the bottom corner the prison barber plied his trade. The same razor, soap and brush doing duty for all—syphilitic and healthy.

Along the dividing wall were the shower baths and water closets, all open to view. Of course, after passing 23 hours in the cells, it was somewhat of a change to breathe the fresh air of the yard and closets.

Occasionally, behind the wooden fence a prisoner would bring the carpets and shake them. This added to the variety and gave an appetite for breakfast. And what a breakfast. Those who wrote the regulations must have known that most of the prisoners would be human draught horses, for breakfast consisted of ground corn boiled in water, sugarless and without milk, this yellow mess is absolutely impossible to those of a normal appetite.

On an average three weeks pass by before the stomach will accept the stuff. Prisoners are allowed 20 minutes to play with this concoction, then work commences for the day. The morning exercise is deadly, but the work is damnable. Again the framers of the regulations must have known the character of the majority of prisoners.

Working plugs outside generally perform monotonous tasks. Their brain becomes stagnant. To benefit by the reforming influence of jail they need work of a brain stirring character, so they are set to pick oakum and plait straw. These elevating and mind mending occupations produce a desire for an existence higher and nobler than that yet experienced, and we see the result in the large number of jailbirds occupying positions requiring mental alertness in the outside world. Four and half hours pass, and then the long-looked for dinner arrives.

Four ounces of meat on the verge of decomposition, and a few spuds beyond the verge, and some water with a little grease in it, and a few lonely grains of barley wandering disconsolately at the bottom of the tin. After noon's delightful repast, a few more hours of soul-stirring work is indulged in.

Four o'clock comes around and with it the hominy. Twenty minutes are allowed for tea (!) and then comes the inspection. Every prisoner is searched. His blankets also go through the process. Whether it is for stray sovereigns or for hidden guns, etc., we scarcely know.

As soon as the searching is over the cell door is locked and then the chief warder calls upon you to show your hand at the grating above the door. A second previously he has seen you outside the cell, but in order to make sure that you have not

flown through the window your hand must be shown.

Now commences the weary night. You can sling his hammock and make his bed or sit reading until 8 o'clock, when lights out bell rings, and the mosquitoes commence their nightly attack upon an impoverished body. The first few days a prisoner sleeps soundly, but afterwards many dull hours are spent lying there waiting for the dawn of day.

Of course these waking moments are spent in repenting of past mistakes, and thinking out the best way of keeping the 11th Commandment, "Thou shalt not be found out." This is the wonderful reforming process of capitalism's jails. Locked up several hours before dark in a lonely cell, fourteen hours must pass ere you are allowed into the yard for daily exercise. What dreams are dreamed, what wonderful schemes are hatched during the tortuous hours, only those who have experienced can tell. We had entered that jail with somewhat sore feelings against Denham, Appel, and Cahill.

The reforming influences of lonely cells, insufficient food, and individual destroying obedience to regulations had poured a soothing balm upon our wounds. We forgave the unholy trinity. In place of hatred there came a feeling of pity. Instead of vowing a hateful revenge we became possessed of a keen desire to remove them gently and without hurt from this sphere of action. We pitied their miserable existence, their mean minds, and became convinced that death for such would be a happy release.

Part of our work, after doing a month in "Pro", consisted of cleaning floors, landings and scaffold in a wing.

The scaffold is large enough for three to pass the great divide. Above the large trap doors a strong beam, with three strong hooks showing on the underside, is firmly fixed. No ropes are visible, but in our dreams we saw stout ropes, on whose ends dangled the wretched carcasses of Denham, Cahill and Appel. We'd say no more about such dreams except that they demonstrate truly how this instrument of capitalism, known as "jail," works in its reforming process on the minds of the prisoners. During our sojourn in "Pro," we had a visit from the Comptroller General.

One day the door of the cell was thrown open and the Chief Warder introduced us to this superintendent of the jails. We were asked if we had any complaints or requests to make. Yes, we had a few. Firstly, a few days ago, the meat was rotten. This complaint was ruled out of order because such complaints must be made when the food is given out.

Secondly, objection was made to being locked up continually, as we had committed no crime. This was ruled out absolutely, as the regulations said we must receive separate treatment, and be confined to the cells for 23 hours out of every 24. The Comptroller couldn't alter the regulations. Thirdly, we lodged an objection against being compelled to use the Latrine tubs in the cells when the W.C. was only a few yards away. It was unhealthy, especially when one had to eat and sleep in the same cell. The Comptroller looked enquiringly at the Superintendent, who said it would be impossible to allow anyone to leave his cell for such purpose, for this would mean that all of those in "Pro" would take an advantage and be travelling backwards and forwards continually. It was pointed out that a simple remedy would be to place the men out in the yard passage-way, but this, of course, would mean taking the men out of the cells and giving them a little fresh air.

A ridiculous proposition on second thoughts, for how would men know they were in prison if they were not locked up. Then, besides, you can't reform men by keeping them healthy. No, keep them behind the iron door, away from fresh air and companionship of their fellows, and possibly you'll make them repent of evil doings, at least that's the opinion of the authorities and they ought to know didn't they.

The Comptroller listened politely to the complaints. He always does. That's his chief business. As for meeting any complaint by an attempt at a remedy—well that would be against all precedent.

Prison is a freak of a place for complaints. One complains to the doctor, to the visiting justices, to the superintendent, and to the comptroller.

A delightfully deep customer is Brisbane prison's doctor. On one occasion we were up before him to complain of the stomach-destroying qualities of hominy. We asked for a change of diet. Bread, dripping and tea instead of maize. During our discussion on the relative merits of Bogga Road's standing dish, we turned on to the question of the hunger strike. Comrade Rose was refusing food at that time, and we mentioned that he might die. In the opinion of the Doc, such an event would not cut any ice. "People put too much value on human life." Possibly, did people think less of human life, this particular Doc. would have a more pleasant time.

Several of us complained to the superintendent about the embargo placed on the passing in of books from the outside. Each of us had taken into jail a book dealing with a particular phase of our movement. The

superintendent said that there was some "lay on" (whatever that is), and flatly refused all requests. One young fellow serving a sentence of two years being desirous of improving his knowledge of mathematics asked permission for his friends to be allowed to send in some educational books. He was referred to the "splendid" prison library. Why bring books from the outer world when such a magnificent collection was ready to hand?

There were several standard arithmetic books to be found there. Certainly they were thirty years old but then prisoners shouldn't be too particular. Another consideration of moment which the young man eager for information overlooked, was that he might actually receive some education by a study of up-to-date books. Damn it all! that should be too much of a good thing! Fancy going to jail and being educated! One doesn't go to jail for that. He goes to be reformed and punished. No, no; to reform a man he must be half starved, partly poisoned and mentally fed on a course of Mrs. Henry Wood's novels. So say the regulations—and wise men drew up those regulations!

Sometimes a "Pro." man gets a billet. This eases the agony somewhat, for then he is away from his cell for seven and a-half hours during a week. Saturday being a half holiday, he is out for four and a half hours. At the end of three weeks we got a job sawing wood. Really, we never thought there would come a time when we should go gladly to work and scab work at that, for we only received a half-penny per diem. But so it was. What an appetite we acquired. How we worked (quit laughing). Mr. Editor, and didn't we ravish the extra meat and spud that a generous government allowed us as an incentive to good work! We were out in the open air, and we could see the blue sky and watch the ever-varying outline of white fleecy clouds at least, we could do such watching when the warden wasn't watching us.

At last our period of probation was over, and one morning we rolled our blankets and took them over to another ward. From now on the time spent in the cells was reduced to 14 hours per day. Saturday afternoons and Sundays we spent in the yard. Whilst serving the latter half of our sentence, Comrade Mandeno went on hunger strike in order to aid Comrade Rose in his great effort to force the hand of the authorities. Rose did not eat for 14 days, although many tempting dishes were laid before him. It was only owing to the entreaties of the boys that he was at last persuaded to take food. Had Comrade Rose had his own way there is not the least doubt he would have gone right through to the end, even to the losing of his life.

Whilst speaking of Rose, we cannot forbear mentioning the fact that one warden stated that he (Rose) would be driven crazy just as Thompson was driven crazy. This same warden told us that Thompson was as sane as any man, but after nine days without food two doctors certified him insane, and he was taken to Goodna Asylum where he is still incarcerated. If those self-same doctors would make a careful investigation of Boggo Road prison they would find several more mad than many who now board at Goodna. But there, Thompson was a thorn in the side of those in power and must be plucked at any cost. Our boasted democracy is in a sorry state when politicians will stoop to placing their opponents in a lunatic asylum.

Christmas Day and New Year's Day were gala days in jail. Every prisoner twice a year enjoys that soothing sensation engendered by a satisfied appetite. The Salvation Army in their Christian charity, sent us each a "War Cry." Really, the generosity of this institution is astonishing. Perhaps, though, their conscience pricked them and they were attempting to make amends for the nice sums they gain from prison labour. You must know that mats, brushes, etc., are made by the prisoners who receive a wage of one penny per day. These goods are sold at a cheap rate to the Army, who dispose of them at an enhanced price to various merchants. A mat, worth on the market £3, can be made in 8 or 9 days. Material would cost less than 10s, labour 8d or 9d, and the price of a few dishes of hominy and a pound or two of potatoes and scrag meat. Quite a respectable margin is created for the religious vampires to work on. Time passed and the hour of our release drew nigh. Some few days before gaining our liberty we were asked whether we should like to see the army captain. We said, "Yes, we should like an interview." It appears that the Salvation Army is paid several hundred pounds per year to look after discharged prisoners and to issue passes for various parts of the country to those who are desirous of going back to the place they came from. These passes are granted by the Government, but the impression is given out that the Army in its charity pays for them. It was in order to gain a little information on this matter that we expressed a wish to see the captain. Unfortunately, the captain failed to make his usual appearance, and we were denied the pleasure of his acquaintance. The day previous to our release we were called up before the

THE 5th CRAFT UNION MEETING.

By K. N. Pepper.

When the cannons flash and thunder
It's the parson's God who speaks!
When the strikers fall lead-riddled in the street,
And their wives are trampled under,
Whilst the workman's orphan shrieks,
It is music to the parson—music sweet! (Applause.)

Now the workers should awaken
And perceive that they are slaves,
Who are butchered to sustain the favoured few,
And our land and wealth is taken—
Single Taxer: We're compelled to pay for graves!

3rd Socialist:
That's the reason we are poor—
P.L.L. Jingo:
Say something new! (Hear, hear.)

3rd Socialist:
Noah's ark has safely landed;
David Livingstone is found;
Darwin saw your great great grandfathers at the Zoo;
Cromwell's army has disbanded;
Pharaoh's cut-throats all were drowned;
These events are all extremely new to you!! (Smiles.)

I repeat, we should awaken,
And unmask our holy foes,
Who pretend to follow Christ, "the prince of Peace!"
His example they've forsaken,
And each army chaplain goes
With assassins—

Local Preacher:
They protect you, simple geese! (Applause.)

3rd Socialist:
Let's unmask each vile impostor,
Who in secrecy own shares
In the War Trust, which makes murder-tools to sell—
White-washed cannibals who foster
And invent "Invader" scares,
And whilst preaching heaven make this earth
a hell! (Commotion.)

Let's discard the stupid notion
That the Church is now divine;
That the clergymen, by gold, are unenticed;
That their prayers and meek devotion
Are sincerely meant
Rationalist: Like mine!

3rd Socialist:
For their Saviour is a Gun NOT Jesus Christ! (Applause.)

Local Preacher:
Mr. Chairman, I'm astonished
That you let the lodge debate
This most sacrilegious motion that's been moved;
And the mover's not admonished
Chairman: Your objection comes too late!
Churchwarden: He's allowed to move the motion unimproved!

Local Preacher:
It is plainly his intention
To defame the Christian Church
Just because the clergy favor men of arms;
But the holy scriptures mention
Mighty soldiers, whom research
Would reveal—
Rationalist: Their brave exploits when burning
farms! (Laughter.)

Local Preacher:
They destroyed unnumbered cities;
Their destruction was immense;
They depopulated districts where they trod,
But it seems a million pities
That the mover hasn't sense
To perceive that they performed the work of God!

There were Joshua and Moses
Who were mighty with the sword
Rationalist: They were murderers who merit
our contempt!

Local Preacher:
But no sober man supposes
Their exploits displeased the Lord,
For a soldier, from His law, must be exempt!

But what bearing has the motion
On our objects or our rules?
Or what purpose will be served by this debate?
It's a socialistic notion
Such as emanates from motives—
And before you pass the motion—
Rationalist:
Pass the plate! (Laughter.)

Local Preacher:
You may ridicule the matter,
But be careful how you look
At this resolution aimed at God and Church.
For despite the mover's chatter—
Churchwarden:
It is aimed at Brother Cook!

3rd Socialist:
We shall knock Joe Cook-a-burra off his perch!! (Applause.)

governor. We were presented with our scab wages of 3s, and told to keep clear of jail in future. We replied that such was almost impossible in a police-ridden State like Queensland. Which reply called forth the retort that it was up to us to clear out of the State. Somehow we think that retort has been made before.

Our time was up. For nine weeks we had suffered the tortures of hominy, embalmed beef and black draughts, along with such minor annoyances as the daily attention of warders and the nightly attacks of mosquitoes. We had lost several pounds of flesh and gained some experience. We had been punished and we had been reformed. We entered the gates of that jail for speaking without a license. The reforming influences of semi-starvation and close confinement showed to us our mistake. Next time we go it must not be for such a trivial offence, but we must do something that will justify society in guarding itself and placing us in Brisbane's bastille.

GORDON BROWN.

Local Preacher:

Well, the Constitution's broken
By permitting this debate,
And you really should adjourn it sine die!

Chairman:

Now the Opposition's spoken,
And the time is getting late;
So I call upon the mover to reply!

4th Socialist:

Mr. Chairman, ere the mover
Speaks and closes the debate,
I propose a brief amendment to improve—

P.L.L. Jingo:

It requires a skilled improver!

Chairman:

Your amendment's rather late,
But it isn't out of order!

4th Socialist:

Well I move—

"That all Synods be requested
To denounce unholly wars,
And assist the great Peace Movement to advance;
To declare that war's detested
By the church; that it abhors
Wholesale murder for the rich!"

Local Preacher:

You've Buckley's chance! (Laughter.)

4th Socialist:

In this century the chances
Of great change are not remote,
And the parsons even yet may follow Christ!
For the laggard Church advances
And contains some men of note
Who have never, by the War-God, been enticed!

If the Churches did their duty
Soon the curse of war would cease
But most parsons bless and help the murder trade—

P.L.L. Jingo:

Fight for Empire, King and beauty.

4th Socialist:

After warfare comes sweet peace!!
The result of war's not covered by the spade!
(Hear, hear.)

The result of war is hunger,
Famine, misery and death;
It is cursed by orphan's cries and widow's tears,
It enriches the war-monger,
But it's pestilential breath
Has destroyed unnumbered men through countless years.

Local Preacher:

If we study "Ancient Empires,"
Their Succession and Results,
We perceive that wars are favoured by the Lord—

4th Socialist:

They are favoured now by vampires!!

Local Preacher:

We believe that God exalts
In the pestilence, the fire, and the sword!
(Dissent.)

Ancient empires rose like magic,
Carved from rude, untutored herds,
Who in mental blindness worshipped wood and stone—

1st Socialist:

But their falls were also tragic!

Local Preacher:

All those doings were the Lord's,
To prepare us all to worship GOD, alone!!

We shall now take up the offer—
beg your pardon I forgot! (Laughter and applause)
But the motion of amendment, why discuss?
They're the insults of a scoffer—

The bloke:

boom-a' cap o' tommyrot!

Local Preacher:

Yes, the matter has no interest for us!

5th Socialist:

Mr. Chairman, ere submitting
me amendment to the vote

Chairman:

It's carried it's a motion, understand!

5th Socialist:

I declare the time is fitting
to declare with trumpet note
that the churches should extend a helping hand.

They pretend to follow Jesus—

Rationalist:

They're ten thousand leagues behind!

6th Socialist:

But they travel NOT the path the Master trod;
And may sulphured Satan seize us
if they're not DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND
to injustices that crush us to the sod.

They defend that curse—Conscription
BROUGHT BY TRAITORS FOR A BRIBE
To enrich the vampire War Trusts now in vogue!

Single Taxer:

Fisher's pure beyond description! (Scornful laughter.)

Rationalist:

Hughes excels Ben Adhem's tribe! (Dissent.)

P.L.L. Jingo:

It's notorious a Socialist's a rogue!

5th Socialist:

You remind me of a jingo
Who said "Socialists would smash
The foundations of an honest married life";
But he left for San Domingo
In a hurry—with the cash—
And he also took his rich employer's wife!
(Laughter.)

In conclusion, let me mention
That it's time all wars should cease,
FOR THE WAR-TRUST BLEEDS THE
WORKERS FOR ITS PURSE;
And I hope each church convention
Will promote the Cause of Peace
By assisting in repealing FISHER'S CURSE!!!
(Applause.)

Local Preacher:

Mr. Chairman, I've been thinking,
That you really should decline
To allow this waste—

Beerchewer:

It's nearly time you thought!

Local Preacher:

My dear brother you've been drinking—

Beerchewer:

Only sacramental wine,
And some whisky that the Synod ladies brought!
(Smiles.)

Good Templar:

He's alluding to the matter
Raised by Brother Billy Con
At the Church of England Synod, where he
moved
"That we banish glass and platter,
And the whisky demijohn!"
But the holy dean and bishop disapproved!!

Said the Bishop—alcoholic
Drinks should never be abused;
But, if drunk in moderation, I allow—

2nd Good Templar:

Such remarks are diabolic!

1st Good Templar:

They can never be excused—

Beerchewer:

I am only drunk in moderation now!! (Laughter.)

Local Preacher:

To resume: It's my contention
It's a wicked waste of time
To discuss a mad amendment such as this,
For no Synod or Convention
Now regard war as a crime,
They consider war a source of holy bliss!

Just a question in conclusion;
What has warfare got to do
With the working man who uses hands or brain?
It would lessen the confusion
In the minds of one or two
If the mover, in replying would explain.

4th Socialist:

Mr. Chairman; fellow-workers,
I've repeatedly been asked
What has warfare got to do with working men?
I reply that labor strikers
Are about to be unmasked,
And the daylight focussed on the Upper Ten!

Where the Himalayah mountain
Lifts its summit to the skies,
Where the sacred Ganges mingles with the
main;
Where each pleasant spring and fountain
In the Jordan's valley lies;
Where the mystic Nile meanders through the
plain.

Where the storm-ploughed wild Atlantic
Throws its breakers on the shore;
Where Pacific billows dash their foaming crests;
Where Niagara, gigantic,
Falls with mighty thunderous roar;
Where the albatross and eagle build their nests.

From the poles to the equator—
Only LABOR'S skillful hand—

Beerchewer:

You're a poet; let me drink yer bloomin' 'ealth!

4th Socialist:

NAUGHT BUT LABOR IS CREATOR,
(when applied with tools to land,
OF A MILLION FORMS OF CAPITAL AND
WEALTH!)

War exhausts the wealth of nations,
WHICH THE WORKERS MUST RENEW!!
War demands a toll of workers' blood and
tears;

War spreads want and desolation,
To enrich the owning few,
And destroys adults and boys of tender years!!

Ev'ry cannon, shell, and sabre;
Ev'ry murder-ship that floats;
Ev'ry navy; ev'ry army that despoils,
IS THE OUTCOME OF OUR LABOR;
And the trade of cutting throats,
IS SUPPORTED BY THE PLUNDERED
SLAVE WHO TOILS!! (Applause.)

We, who vegetate in hovels,
Cheer the uniformed gaboots,
Who transfix our foreign brothers with the
sword;

Whilst the holy parson grovels,
And would lick the gory boots
Of assassins—

Local Preacher:

There're God's soldiers; bless the Lord!!
(Hisses.)

5th Socialist:

"What has war to do with Labor?"
War costs countless worker's lives;
It estranges friend and neighbour,
And makes widows of their wives,
THAT THE WAR-TRUST THUGS MAY LIVE
IN WEALTHY EASE!

All that's wicked, vile, and rotten,
Warfare fosters in a State;
And the time when wars shall cease is not remote—

Chairman:

TIME, you've seemingly forgotten!
I must close this long debate.
By submitting the amendment to the vote!!
Division Taken.

Chairman:

You have given your decision,
(Which was taken fair and square);
It denotes that Socialism will arrive!
The result of the division,
I have pleasure to declare:
THE AMENDMENT WON BY 99 TO FIVE!!
(Prolonged cheering.)
(Concluded.)

RACE CHARACTER AND VERACITY.

We have proof in the Bible that, apart from the lying which constituted false witness and was to the injury of a neighbour, there was among the Hebrews but little reprobation of lying. Indeed, it would be remarkable were it otherwise, considering that Jahveh set the example; as when, to ruin Ahab, he commissioned "a lying spirit" (1 Kings xxii. 22) to deceive his prophets; or, as when, according to Ezekiel xiv. 9, he threatened to use deception as a means of vengeance. "If the prophet be deceived when he hath spoken a thing, I, the Lord, have deceived that prophet, and I will stretch out my hand upon him, and will destroy him from amidst of my people of Israel." Evidently from a race-character, which evolved a conception of a diety's principles, there naturally came no great regard for veracity.—Herbert Spencer, "Principles of Ethics," sec. 158, vol. i., p. 402.

THE GENTLE BOBBY.

"I may hit you. I may beat you,
Just because you break the law."
Said the gentle, artless copper,
As he shut my prison door.

"He was savage, he was vicious,
And he wrote my number down,"
Swore that peaceful, righteous bobby
In a court in London town.

He'd blacked my eye and smashed my
teeth;

In fact, I couldn't speak.
But, after what that bobby said,
"Fourteen days," decreed the Beak.

So, God bless you, gentle copper,
In your uniform of blue—
But when I see a good-sized brick
Your evidence you'll rue!

—The Apache.

The Unity Conference.

The adjourned Conference between delegates from the S.L.P. and the A.S.P. met at Queens Hall, Sydney, on Jan. 21. All the delegates were present, and considerable discussion ensued over the name to be adopted by the united party, and the method of obtaining the opinion of members on Conference decisions. At a previous meeting it was resolved:

"That in the opinion of this Conference, the time has now arrived when in the interest of the working class and the two parties represented, the A.S.P. and the S.L.P. should unite on the principles of Marxian scientific Socialism in the recognition and endorsement of the Preamble of the I.W.W. as drawn up by the Chicago Conference of 1905."

It was next proposed that the name of the united party should be "The United Socialist Labor Party of Australia." Three delegates voted for this resolution and three against. The consideration of the name was consequently deferred to a future meeting of Conference.

The meeting on Jan. 21, had thus to consider the name, and the method of placing Conference decisions before members of the two parties. After a lengthy discussion, Jones moved and Winspear seconded:

"That the names suggested be submitted to an aggregate vote of the members of both parties, and that the name which a majority of voters favor be the name of the united party."

This resolution was carried, delegate Moroney against.

Winspear then moved:
"That the name be 'The United Socialist Party of Australia.'"

This was carried, and this name will consequently be submitted to members.

Edwards then moved:
"That the delegates go back to their respective organisations, requesting that a full, detailed report on the general position of their press be laid before this Conference at the earliest opportunity."

This was seconded by Jones and carried.
The Secretaries were authorised to submit the Conference proposals to their respective bodies, after which the Conference adjourned for six weeks to enable this to be done.

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD CLUB.

At the last meeting of the Sydney (Socialist) I.W.W. Club, after a review of the world's industrial unrest and the reactionary tendency in all countries on the part of governments to revert to the rifle and settle by suppression, disputes regarding human rights by the suspension of judicial systems and civil authority, the secretary was deputed to forward fraternal sympathetic messages to the Transport Workers, Dublin, to the Social Democratic Federation, Berlin, and to the Labour Federation, Johannesburg, expressing the hope that the struggle of the Irish workers, the Zabern affair in Alsace, Germany, and the reign of terror and suppression instituted by the Botha Government against the workers of South Africa, would hasten a closer international working, class unity, and finally result in the complete overthrow of the unholy tyranny of Imperialism, militarism and capitalism, the universal foes of industrial fraternity, progress and the higher civilization.

GEORGE WAITE,
Cor. Secretary I.W.W.

UNION LEVIES FOR POLITICAL PURPOSES.

In the appeal against the Industrial Magistrate's decision in the suit of Railway Workers' Association v. W. Finch for recovery of paper levy, a case has been stated asking the Higher Court to define the powers of Unions to levy for political purposes. The hearing will probably come on early in February, and all interested in the question of Minority Rights and Political Freedom are invited to assist the Legal Defence Fund.

When you have finished with this paper, pass it on to a friend.

A.S.P. News & Notes.

AUSTRALASIAN SOCIALIST PARTY.

Objective.—The social ownership with Democratic control of the means of Production, Distribution and Exchange.
General Secretary: J. W. ROCHE.
Headquarters: 115 Goulburn St., Sydney.

BRISBANE.

The fight for Free Speech is still going strong. Last Sunday, Jan. 18, Comrade Quinton was the victim. Exactly a week out of jail after serving a sentence of six weeks when he is sent up again for a month. Well are the paid hirelings of the robber class doing their servile duty to their degenerate masters. For a few pieces of silver will these police and magistrates betray and torture humanity. Whilst men are giving up their liberty, aye, their very lives for the betterment of humanity, these ignorant tools of the thieves and murderers are spending their miserable lives in trampling on all that is dear, on all that is sacred to struggling, bleeding humanity.

Comrade Quinton was discovered by two John Hops walking along Wickham-St. towards Queen-St. with a huge crowd following him. Quinton was found to be bound with rope, and with a gag tied over his mouth. On the cops removing the gag, our comrade stated that he had been cruelly gagged and bound. On the hirelings asking who by? he said by a corrupt Constitution. This was beyond the comprehension of the Johns, so our comrade was put into a cab and driven to the lockup to be further persecuted by the kept agents of the capitalists.

Just after the cab had left the crowd, a constable named Olsson came running up in a very excited state, seemingly very anxious to use his baton. Here is an extract from the "Daily Standard" of Jan. 20, referring to a case in the Valley a few days ago:
"Wallace E. Rogers stated that Constable Olsson offered to fight any man in the crowd. He started rushing everybody and pushing the crowd about. Witness thought that Olsson had gone wild or taken leave of his senses."

What is the motive in putting mad-brained Olsson into the area of the Free Speech Fight? This fight is destined to become memorable in the history of Queensland.

ALF. G. REES,

Sec. pro. tem.

Box 10, Post Office, Stanley-St.,
South Brisbane.

By Telegraph, Monday: "Boys arrived safely. Send 15 dozen papers. Quinton doing a month."—Rees.

NEWTOWN.

Collected for Brisbane Free Speech Fund: Saturday meeting, 11s. 3d., Sunday 10s. 9d. J. Davis, 2s., J. Lewis, 1s., A. Thomas, 6d., C. Jackson 2s., W. West, 2s. 6d., J. Vincent, 6d., R. Everitt, 2s. 6d., M. Carney, 1s., J. Pike, 2s., J. Kilburn, 2s., J. Forrest 1s., W. Page, 1s., Fair Dinkum 2s.. Total £2 2s.

The above sum has been handed over to the Treasurer.

RAY EVERITT.

NEWTOWN.

On Thursday, January 15, the Newtown branch held its half-yearly meeting, when the following officers were elected: Comrade Page, secretary; Carney, treasurer; Jackson, literature secretary; Everitt, delegate on National Executive.

The usual week-end meetings were held at the bridge on Saturday and Sunday nights, January 17 and 18. On Saturday night, Comrades Jackson, Kilburn, Gordon Brown, Jones, Mandeno and Roche delivered stirring addresses to a large and attentive audience. Sunday night's meeting was also largely attended. Comrades Jackson and Kilburn were the speakers, and practically held the large audience spell-bound for the evening. Literature sold well and the "International" sold out.

Brisbane comrades have the branch's at last Thursday's meeting condemning the audiences that attend its meetings. A resolution of protest was carried unanimously at last Thursday's meeting condemning the Queensland Government. The resolution is to be forwarded to the Federal Government, the New South Wales Government, the Queensland Government and the Labour party and press.

W. J. PAGE, Secretary.

MEBOURNE BRANCH.
A.S.P.

After being absent from the Yarra meeting place for a couple of Sunday afternoons, several of the branch speakers were again at their posts on Sundays, January 4th and 11th.

The audience on both occasions, despite dust and heat, was large and appreciative. The speakers were in best of form after a well-deserved holiday.

It is also pleasing to note that our meeting is now the most largely attended on the bank, and the only Socialist meeting held regularly.

In connection with the above meetings, a note should be made by comrades that assistance is required in taking up collections at same and securing subscribers to the "International Socialist."

Mrs. McDonald was the speaker at headquarters on the evening of January 4th, when by request our comrade re-delivered the address given some time ago on "The Panama Canal." Several new slides were shown and the lecture much appreciated.

The following Sunday evening an illustrated lecture was given by Secretary J. R. Wilson on "Machine Production," when the social character of production was clearly outlined; and stress laid upon the fact that the form of ownership, by becoming social in character would mean the death-knell of capitalism and the dawn of Socialism.

The usual dances held for revenue raising purposes continue to be well attended, despite the warm weather, and counter attractions, such as surf-bathing, etc. Comrades who can spare an evening occasionally should make a point of being present to assist with preparing refreshments and handing round same, and by doing so give other comrades upon whose shoulders most of the work in this connection has fallen, a spell.

Members whose children are in the habit of attending the Sunday school are requested that the Sunday school will resume on February 1st.

All financial members also please note that the half-yearly meeting will take place on Thursday, January 20th.

Important business will be the electing of officers, and discussion of half-yearly financial statement. Be one, be there.

A visitor at the rooms during the week has been Comrade Green, who has been absent in Broken Hill for 18 months.

Comrade Green is returning to Broken Hill when he has had a holiday.

J. WILSON, Sec.

BRISBANE FREE SPEECH FIGHT.

The Executive Committee of the Right to Work Movement carried the following resolution at a recent meeting:—

"That in the opinion of this Executive Committee, the principle of Free Speech is being wantonly and brutally assailed by a reactionary clique who are wrongly in power in the Queensland State, and this Executive Committee hereby expresses its hearty sympathy with the victimised toilers terrorised and jailed by the satellites of a rotten plutocracy.

Signed on behalf of the Right of Work Movement of Australia,

ALBERT PARKER,

Chairman.

AN ANCIENT CAHILL.

In St. Ferdinand, King of Castile (d. 1252), the virtues of a king shone out brightly—magnanimity, clemency, love of justice, and, above all, zeal for the Catholic faith and a burning desire to protect and propagate its religious worship. He showed this especially by the vigour with which he pursued heretics. He never allowed them to exist in any part whatever of his dominions. When they were discovered, he himself with his own hands carried the faggots to burn them.—Breviarium Romanum, Feast of St. Ferdinand, June 5.

Grant us grace so to follow thy blessed saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys, etc.—Col. for All Saints.

WALT WHITMAN SAYS.

I say a man shall not own property in man; I say the least developed person on earth is just as important to himself or herself as the most developed person is to himself for herself.

I say, where liberty draws not the blood out of slavery, there slavery draws the blood out of liberty.

I say, discuss all and expose all; I am for every topic openly; I say there can be no salvation for these States without innovators, without free tongues, and ears willing to listen to the tongues.

I say that every right in politics, or what not, shall be eligible to every man or woman on the same stump.

In synagogue and cloister, mosque and school,

Hell's terrors and heaven's lures men's bosom's rôle;

But they who pierce the secrets of "The Truth"

Sow not such empty chaff their hearts to fool.

—Omar Khayyan; E. H. Whinfield, Trans.

The moral amelioration of man is the principal mission of woman.—Auguste Comte.

Picnic to Killarney.

The I. S. Club will hold a Picnic at Killarney on the 15th. February. Watch for particulars.
O. BLANC, Sec.

PRESS AND MAINTENANCE FUND

Already Acknowledged, £79 16s. 7d.
W. Layley, Vic. 10s. 6d., G.W., Binalong, 5s. Total £80 12s. 1d.

The International Socialist Club.

A Special Meeting of Members will be held on Sat. Afternoon, Jan. 31, at the Club Rooms. Business: The New Club Building.

BRISBANE FREE SPEECH FUND.

Received at this Office, W.T. 5s., Sympathy, 2s.

LITERATURE DEPARTMENT.

BOOKS IN CLOTH BINDING.

Title.	Price. s. d.
Ancient Lowly, The, Vol. I, C. Osborne Ward	8 0
Ancient Lowly, The, Vol. II, C. Osborne Ward	8 0
Capital, Vol. I, Karl Marx	8 0
Capital, Vol. II, Karl Marx	8 0
Capital, Vol. III, Karl Marx	8 0
Ancient Society, Lewis H. Morgan	6 0
Woman and Socialism, August Bebel	6 0
Critique of Political Economy, Karl Marx Debs (Eugene V.), His Life, Writings, Speeches	4 0
Economic Determinism, Lida Parco	4 0
History, Antonio Labriola	4 0
Ethics and the Materialistic Conception of Karl Kautsky	1 0
Landmarks of Scientific Socialism, Engels	4 0
Looking Forward, Philip Rappaport	4 0
Love's Coming-of-Age, Edward Carpenter	4 0
Making of the World, The, Dr. M. W. Marxian Economics, Ernest Untermann	1 0
Philosophical Essays, Joseph Dietzgen	1 0
Positive Outcome of Philosophy, Joseph Dietzgen	4 0
Physical Basis of Mind and Morals, M. H. Fitch	1 0
Positive School of Criminology, Enrico	1 0
Poverty of Philosophy, The, Karl Marx	1 0
Principles of Scientific Socialism, Vail	1 0
Socialism and Modern Science, Enrico Ferri	1 0
Socialism and Philosophy, Antonio Labriola	1 0
Theoretical System of Karl Marx, Boudin	1 0
Evolution of Man, The, Wilhelm Boelsche	2 0
Evolution of Property, The, Paul Lafargue	2 0
Evolution, Social and Organic, Arthur M. Lewis	2 0
Feuerbach, Frederick Engels	2 0
Germes of Mind in Plants, R. H. Franco	2 0
Introduction to Sociology, Arthur M. Life and Death, Dr. E. Teichmann	2 0
John Meyer	2 0
Marx, Memoirs of, Wilhelm Liebknecht	2 0
Marx versus Tolstoy, Lewis and Darrow	2 0
Militant Proletariat, The, Austin Lewis	2 0
Origin of the Family, Frederick Engels	2 0
Ferri	2 0
Puritanism, Clarence Mady	2 0
Revolution and Counter-Revolution, Karl Marx	2 0
Right to be Lazy and Other Studies, Paul Lafargue	2 0
Russian Bastille, The, Simon O. Pollock	2 0
Sabotage, Emile Pouget	2 0
Science and Revolution, Ernest Untermann	2 0
Social and Philosophical Studies, Paul Lafargue	2 0
Social Revolution, The, Karl Kautsky	2 0
Socialism for Students, Joseph E. Cohen	2 0
Socialism, Its Growth and Outcome, Morris and Bax	2 0
Socialism, Positive and Negative, Robert Rives La Monte	2 0
Socialism, Utopian and Scientific, Frederick Engels	2 0
Ten Blind Leaders, Arthur M. Lewis	2 0
Triumph of Life, T. Wilhelm Boelsche	2 0
Value, Price and Profit, Karl Marx	2 0
Vital Problems in Social Evolution, Arthur M. Lewis	2 0
What's So and What Isn't, John M. Work	2 0
World's Revolutions, The, Ernest Untermann	2 0
Anarchism and Socialism, George Plechanoff	2 0
Art of Lecturing, The, Arthur M. Lewis	2 0
Communist Manifesto, The, Marx and Engels	2 0
Eighteenth Brumaire, The, Karl Marx	2 0
End of the World, The, Dr. M. Wilhelm Meyer	2 0

International Socialist Club,

274 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Open daily for Members and Visitors from other parts, from 11 a.m. till 11 p.m.

Membership Fee: 5s. per Quarter.

Best Socialist Library in the State.

O. BLANC, Secretary.

WANTED, SUB-GETTERS.—There are still a number of Sub-Getters wanted to push the "International."

A SIDE LINE.—Uncommercial travellers wanting a side line for country towns should send 8d for a bundle of "The International."

Printed and published by Henry Edmund Holland, for the Proprietors, the International Socialist Club, at 115 Goulburn Street, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.